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SELECT TALES.

From the Lady's Book.

THE THREE STORY HOUSE.

BY MISS A. M. F. BUCHANAN.

Build not your house too high.—JOHN ROGERS.

"On! the three story—the old three story, my dear, by all means—I have set my mind upon it! as it is known I have come from the city, and from a fashionable circle there, it will, of course, be expected that we should make something of a figure, and the three story house is the very thing."

"But you know, Louisa, the first consideration with me is comfort, and the other place, I have told you, I half engaged—the White Cottage, as the folks call it, is the snuggest, completest, little concern in the world—every thing about it so new and clean and well finished, and the size is exactly right for us two."

"Now, Charles, acknowledge that it is the name that has taken your fancy—'love in a cottage,' you know, all so romantic, it is just like you; I admit, though, that under other circumstances it would be delightful—in the city where we would be lost among a crowd, or entirely in the country, but here the case is different. As I said before, we must take a conspicuous place in society, see a great deal of company, and all that, and the White Cottage would never do. There is no breakfast room, nothing on the first floor, but the two parlors, and no folding doors between them, and the entry is so narrow, and all the rooms are so small, it would really be a pity to put such furniture as mine in a place like that. And, besides, I know you will laugh at me, but I must tell you the truth, I have always wished so much to live in a three story house! Papa has such old fashioned notions about matters of that kind, that, though he owned a very handsome one, he would never occupy it. He always said that our good roomy two-story was sufficient for his family, only himself and mamma and Jane and me—that he liked a house to cover as much ground as possible, and that if he could have done it, he would have built all the rooms on one floor. Now, to my notion, a two story house looks insignificant, no matter how good it may be, and I made up my mind long ago, that whenever I had a choice of my own, my house should be as high as possible."

"What an idea, my dear!—I have no objection, however, to three story houses in general but the one in question is too large by more than a half. It was intended originally for a hotel, and, of course, must be entirely too spacious for a bride and groom. There are four rooms in the first story, six or seven in the second, as many

in the third, and finished attics. We will keep but two servants—Susan and a boy, and allowing two spare rooms, more than which would be unnecessary, a very limited number of chambers will be required."

"Really, Charles, I can't see such a very great objection to the size. Mamma is going to send me furniture for five or six chambers, and we can let the third story remain empty. As to the lowest one, you must agree that nothing could suit better. Such a fine wide hall, with two fine parlors on one side, and a dining room and an office for you on the other!"

"And then, Louisa, you can have no idea of the state the house is in. It is badly built and of poor materials, was very much abused when tenanted, as public houses often are, and has been lying vacant for I don't know how many years. Indeed, it is nearly a ruin. The paper is all black and hanging loose from the walls, the paint is mildewed, the floors warped, and many of the boards half torn up, and the locks and hinges of the doors are so rusty as to be useless."

"But what of that?—the owner promises to put it in repair. It can easily be painted, and he will of course, new paper the rooms down stairs—the chambers, you say, have bare walls, they can be yellow or green washed. As to the floors, a few nails will settle them—I could hammer them down myself—and the door locks can easily be oiled into order. Why, the rent itself might induce any one to take the house. Think of only a hundred and fifty dollars for it! Aunt Jane's, which, you know, is pretty much the same size, cost her a thousand a year before she purchased it. Come now, gratify me this once, Charles; this is the first time we have differed in our wishes, and do let me have it my own way!"

"Certainly, my dear, if I can't change your notion. But your mind must be made up, immediately. There are but the two houses in town to let, and one or the other must be fixed upon."

"Then the three story, by all means—I have decided once for all."

The parties engaged in this colloquy were Doctor Harris, a young physician, established in good practice in a small country town, and his pretty little wife, whom he had married and brought from a distant city, a few weeks before.

Agreeably to the lady's decision, the three story house was taken, and the necessary repairs were made. Mrs. Harris's handsome new furniture arrived and was duly moved into it. The rooms were well planned, and showed every thing to the best advantage. The fresh paper and paint were so skillfully put on, that no one would have suspected the walls to have been

cracked, and the wood worm-eaten under them. The young couple received a great many visits, and a number of complimentary remarks were made as to the fine style in which they had set up. Things went on so well for a while, that the doctor began to feel quite satisfied with his bargain.

"My head aches terribly through loss of sleep," said Louisa, one morning, after they had been at housekeeping a month or two; "the winds in this part of the world must be particularly violent, did you ever hear such a noise as they kept up before the rain came on?"

"Or rather, the windows in this house must be particularly loose," answered her husband; "no wonder their rattling kept you awake. I expected every one on this range to fall in. I must have wedges put into them all. I can't risk my knife and pocket-comb again. Upon my word, I stuck the wrong comb into this one by mistake, and here is your brother Frank's parting present broken into twenty pieces. The ivory could not bear such incessant jarring, and the gold plate with his motto has fallen into the street, I suppose. Poor Frank! I would not have had it happen for the price of two windows!"

"It is a pity, indeed, but accidents will happen," returned Mrs. Harris, going out of the room. A loud exclamation from her brought the doctor after her to the stairs. "My carpet! my beautiful Venetian!—it is utterly ruined!" cried she. The night's rain had driven in under the door, and the handsome hall carpet, which had been so much admired for the fineness and thickness of its texture, and the beauty and excellent contrasts of its colors, was indeed ruined. The water had been soaking in it for hours, and the colors had run, one into another, till there was not a distinct hue left.

The doctor examined the door. "There is no dasher on it," said he; "there are marks of one, but it must have been broken off long ago. It is strange I did not think of it before. When I looked at the White Cottage, I noticed particularly that every outside door was furnished with a good one. I must have one made for this."

"Yes! now when the carpet is spoiled," said Louisa; "I am so vexed I could almost cry."

"Spare your tears, my love," returned her husband; "if we get through a year in this house without farther mishaps than these of the comb and carpet, I shall be perfectly content."

Louisa's acquaintances condoled with her very kindly on the misfortune of her carpet, and she had begun to feel reconciled to it, when a family of her city friends arrived in the village to whom it was necessary that she should show particular attention. They were very fashionable people, and she determined on doing all

that was to be done in the best manner possible. By way of beginning, she projected a dinner party.

"There is some satisfaction in entertaining here," said she to the doctor; "every thing is so cheap that it can be done handsomely without danger of exceeding a very moderate income."

The dinner was to be a very large one, and as it was the first of the kind Louisa had ever undertaken, she considered her credit very much concerned in its success. Contrary to the usual experience of housekeepers, when they aim at something extraordinary, her preparations were got over without a single mistake or disappointment. She executed the dessert entirely herself, and was eminently successful. The custards were every thing they should have been, the pastry beyond praise, and the jellies a *chef d'œuvre*. At last it was time for her to go and dress, but before she went, she gave minute directions for laying the table.

"The dinner-set is desperate dusty," said Susan, her right hand woman, "I guess it'll have to be brought into the kitchen to be cleaned."

"The dining-room closets certainly do draw in a great deal of dust," said Louisa: "but don't take the things out. Wipe them off, and pile them upon the second and third shelves till you need them, and when you have done that, set the dessert in also. If it is left on the sideboard, it will attract the flies into the room."

The guests assembled fast, and Louisa was watching for an opportunity to go out and give her last orders to Susan, when a sudden crash that shook the house and caused half the company to start from their seats, sounded from the direction of the dining-room. In an instant, the doctor's boy appeared at the back parlor door, ejaculating, "Mis' Harris! oh! Mis' Harris!" with his lips as bloodless as his teeth, and Louisa escaped after him. When she had reached the dining-room, she saw the former contents of the cupboard lying on the floor literally a heap of ruins. Her beautiful dinner-set which had caused her so many an anxious search over the city, her rich cut glass, Aunt Jane's elegant present, and her admirable dessert all crushed into one mass!

"The second shelf gave way first, and the weight of that broke down the other!"—cried Susan, wringing her hands;—"I never did see such rotten boards in all my life!"

Dr. Harris, who had come out and was trying to comfort his wife, went forward to examine; "I am amazed they could have held up so long," said he; "the stays are absolutely eaten into dust, except merely on the surface. No wonder they could not support such a quantity of ware, particularly of that heavy cut glass!"

But there was no time now for lamentations. The doctor was obliged to go to the stores and send home such dishes as he could find—a medley of dingy reds, greens, and browns, the ugliest, vulgarest looking things imaginable, and Louisa had to smooth her face and try to relate the history of the disaster creditably to the company, and to give zest to her dessert of preserved raspberries and cream by administering

them with an extra degree of grace and amiability.

Shortly after this, Susan came to Mrs. Harris one morning, with looks of great trouble and perplexity, and said, "I'll have to move my bed out of the third story, ma'am; I can't stand it any longer."

"Just as you please, Susan; you know it was your own choice to go there; you preferred it to sleeping over the kitchen. But what's the matter that you are tired of it?"

"Why, indeed, Mrs. Harris, as sure as the world the house is haunted."

"Nonsense! nonsense! Susan!"

"It must be, indeed, madam; I've heard such queer noises. For several nights past there seemed to be somebody walking up and down the balcony, and the window of the room back of mine would raise and I could hear something shuffling over the floor, and every now and then there would be a moan enough to make any one's hair stand on end."

Louisa laughed at Susan, and knowing the superstition common among people of her class, she thought no more about the matter.

One evening of the same week, the doctor was called away to visit a patient at such a distance that he could not be expected to return home before morning. Louisa felt some tremors at the idea of spending the night with so many empty rooms around her, but pride would not allow her to exhibit any timidity, and though Susan offered to sleep near her, she declined, and resolutely locking the door of her chamber, she retired to bed. She was almost in a dose, when, just at the witching time of night, she was startled by a succession of noises, which must have been the very same that had frightened Susan. First, there were steps on the third story balcony, then a window was raised, and then she plainly heard some one move almost overhead. The sounds were too distinct, she could not be mistaken. Her first impulse was to alarm the servants, but they were at such a distance off, and to run the risk of being attacked in the passage, it was not to be thought of. She lay still and listened. Every story she had ever heard of robbery and murder came into her mind. For two or three hours at irregular intervals she heard movements on the floor above, and sounds that Susan would have called groaning, and yet there was no approach to the tenanted parts of the house. If the intruder was human, robbery certainly could not be his object, but what then could it be? In spite of established convictions, she began to question whether it might not be something supernatural. Towards dawn, she heard the window again raised, and the sound of steps on the balcony, but she was too much weakened with terror to rise, and when her husband came home, not long after, she was really ill. He went at her request to examine the premises, but finding no indications of the rooms having had an occupant, he attributed the whole affair to her imagination, and was vexed that she had allowed herself to be so overcome by it.

Louisa, however, insisted on its reality, and the doctor consented to her entreaties that he would watch the next night. Much to his sur-

prise, immediately after he had fixed himself on guard, she directed his attention to the very sounds that had caused her alarm. When all was again hushed, he took a lamp in one hand, and his pistols in the other, to mount to the third story, and Louisa, like a good wife, ready to share the dangers of her husband, stole after him. He softly pushed open the door of the balcony room, and attempting to enter, he stumbled across the body of a man lying close to it. "Who is here?—who are you?—what do you want?" asked the doctor, among other significant queries common on such occasions.

"Let me be!" returned a weak, squealing voice; "Git out wi' you!—it's my room—I'll let you know it is!"

"Upon my word, it is old Billy Snikes!" exclaimed the doctor, at first looking surprised and then bursting into a laugh; "the mystery about his lodging is solved at last!"

And Billy Snikes it really was—a poor old lunatic who for years had wandered about the village during the day, but whose repository at night had always been a matter of doubt. He had been in the regular habit of climbing up the balconies and sleeping where he was found, ever since the last tenant had vacated, until within a few months, when he had been visiting in the country—a circumstance which had delayed the discovery.

"If we had been living in a house of more proper size, my dear, you might have been spared this fright," said the doctor; "I wonder what disaster will come next."

His curiosity was soon gratified. Within a few weeks a brick fell down the kitchen chimney, and after grazing Susan's head, mashed her foot so badly that she was laid up for nearly a month, and as no servant could be obtained in her place, Louisa was obliged during all the time to do the whole work of the house herself.

Then the time for making fires came on, and it was discovered that every chimney in the house smoked. Coal was not used in that section of the country, and the doctor had a constitutional horror of close stoves. Their rooms, from the smoke and constantly keeping the doors open to make the fires draw, were so uncomfortable that their acquaintances ceased, in a great measure, to visit them. Louisa was of a social turn, and, for want of company began to grow quite melancholy.

"Well, here is March, at last," said she to her husband; "I suppose the weather will be warmer now, and that we will have a chance to see some one occasionally."

"There is no dependance to be placed in March, my dear," returned the doctor.

That very night the wind rose almost to a tornado, and swept the roof entirely off the house, and a good portion of the wall, and the tops of the chimneys with it. The smoke of course, was now beyond endurance, and there was no resource but to lock up their effects and go out to board.

"I have heard," said Mrs. Harris, when this had been concluded upon, "that Mrs. Jones intends to break up house-keeping, now since her daughter is married. In that case, the White Cottage will be to let again. Supposing we apply for it?"

"What, Louisa! give up your three story house with all its great and manifold advantages!" returned the doctor, affecting amazement.

"Come now, don't jest about it, dear Charles! You know I have been tired of it long ago. I shall always call it my Folly, after this. Pray remind me of it whenever you see me giving up comfort for ostentation!"

Baltimore.

BIOGRAPHY.

From Hunt's Merchant's Magazine.

MEMOIR OF MATHEW CAREY.

BY EZRA HOLDEN.

THE characters of great and good men belong to mankind; and there is no duty more pleasant or useful, than that which seeks the recognition of their virtues, and stimulates in after life to the imitation of their example.

Few men have ever won a larger space in the public regards than Mathew Carey: and what constitutes that fact one of peculiar gratification to those who knew him best, few indeed were ever more deserving of public esteem. There is, then, an agreeable service that we may render unto ourselves, in studying aright, if possible, the points of his character which went to make him what he was.

Mr. Carey was born in Ireland, on the 28th of January, 1760. His father was a very worthy man, and by the prudent exercise of his business, amassed a handsome fortune. In early life, he was not remarkable for any extraordinary exhibition of his intellectual powers; and his education, previous to his reaching the age of fifteen, was mostly confined to the branches of a common English course.* When, at that age, it became necessary to select a trade, his own inclination was decidedly in favor of that of a printer; and though he declares his father was very much opposed to that avocation, he was finally able to overcome the aversion, and went as an apprentice to a Mr. McDonnell, of Dublin, a printer and bookseller, who was tempted, being very poor, to take him, in consequence of the thirty guineas to be paid as apprentice fees.

He represents himself to have been a voracious reader, previous to his entering with McDonnell; and, like Franklin, in early life, he had made friends with the keeper of a circulating library, who used to supply him clandestinely with books, as his father was opposed to his perusing the pre-miscuous works usually, at that early day, to be met with in such an establishment.

In consequence of what he always considered in after life, the carelessness of his nurse, he was lame in one foot from the time he was a year old, and though he ever appeared to regard this as an unparalleled calamity, it was no doubt, the means of securing him more studious habits in early life, than he would otherwise have possessed, inasmuch as his infirmity seriously prevented his mingling in those athletic sports, which must always take up a considerable portion of youthful days.

* Vide an Autobiographical sketch, which he prepared not many years since, at the suggestion of a gentleman, (Mr. Buckingham) who, like Mr. Carey, is the architect of his own fame, of the facts of which free use will be made in this sketch.

He states that his first essay as a writer was when he was about the age of seventeen, and upon the subject of duelling. It was produced in consequence of a hostile meeting between a fellow apprentice, and the apprentice of a bookseller named Wogan. The difficulty grew out of a personal altercation between the lads, which ended in blows. Wogan very improperly urged his apprentice to send a challenge to the opponent, which was accordingly presented, demanding a meeting in the Park on a certain day, and Wogan went out with his lad, and was the master spirit of the whole affair. Mr. Carey regarded this as most exceptionable conduct on the part of Wogan, and, consequently wrote a bitter denunciation in the *Hibernia Journal*, a paper owned in part by Mr. McDonnell. Young Carey became known as the author, and besides receiving a severe reprimand, his fellow apprentice, a poor orphan, was finally dismissed, to appease the temper of Wogan, Carey was deeply indignant, and lost confidence in McDonnell.

The next production of which he gives account, was a pamphlet, written in 1779, in regard to the oppression upon the Irish Catholics; and this, from its results, proved to be one of the most important events of his early career. It shows also much of the ardency, patriotism, and love of liberty, which we shall see were, through life, leading traits in the character of Mathew Carey. It bespeaks likewise, a comprehensive survey of the great principles of universal freedom, which America had been, and was then, securing, not only for her own sons, but for the nations that should follow her glorious example.

It will be pertinent to reprint, in this connexion, a single paragraph, sent out as the parachute of the obnoxious pamphlet.

"At the time when America, by a desperate effort, had nearly emancipated herself from slavery; when, laying aside ancient prejudices, a Catholic King becomes the avowed patron of Protestant freemen; when the tyranny of a British Parliament over Ireland, has been annihilated by the intrepid spirit of Irishmen; it is a most afflicting reflection, that you, my countrymen, the majority of that nation, which has shaken off an unjust English yoke, remain still enchained by one infinitely more galling: that you are, through your own pusillanimity, daily insulted by impudent, menacing advertisements from insignificant parts of the kingdom; that a few tyrannical bigots in Meath and Wexford presume to take into their own hands the legislative and executive part of our government, and with a dictatorial power, prescribe laws to their fellow subjects."

The issue produced much excitement; and, Parliament being in session, the duke of Leinster brought it before the House of Lords, and Sir Thomas Conolly in the House of Commons. It was denounced treasonable and seditious, and quoted in proof of the rebellious views of the Roman Catholics. Unfortunately for the cause of truth and human liberty, there has always been found in poor Ireland cringing sycophants to government, who at all hazards would sustain the "powers that be." It was declared to be in this spirit that a body of Roman Catholics—possessing not a particle of that patriotism which

accomplished the Irish insurrection of 1798, or the far nobler event of 1776, which declared "America a Nation of Freemen"—denounced the publication of young Carey, and offered a reward for the apprehension of its author. His father was greatly alarmed—took steps to have the pamphlet suppressed—and by the advice of his friends the son was secretly put on board a Holyhead packet and sent to France. He was introduced to Dr. Franklin, "who had a small printing office at Passy, a village near Paris, for the purpose of reprinting his despatches from America, and other papers."—He worked awhile for the doctor, and afterwards with Didot le jeune, on some English books which that printer was re-publishing. In about twelve months, the excitement having died away in his native country, young Carey returned home.

While in France, he was called upon by the Marquis de la Fayette, who was seeking information relative to the condition of Ireland, and we shall see that the great patriot and friend of American Liberty, did not forget the acquaintance, when he was subsequently in Philadelphia.

After his return to Dublin, by the assistance of his father, who had in the mean time purchased of McDonnell the balance of his son's apprenticeship, young Carey, then twenty-two years of age, set up a paper called the *Freemen's Journal*. It was commenced in October, 1783, and is described by its editor, "as enthusiastic and violent." It soon obtained an extensive circulation, had decided influence on public opinion, "fanning the flame of patriotism which pervaded the land, and excited the indignation of government, which formed a determination to put it down." On the 7th of April, Mr. Foster moved in the House of Commons—

"That an address be presented to the Lord Lieutenant, requesting that he will please issue his proclamation, offering a reward for the apprehension of Mathew Carey." *Parliamentary Register*, 1783-4.

Mr. Carey was also prosecuted for a libel on the Premier. He was finally arrested in his own office, and conveyed to the house of the sergeant-at-arms, L'Estrange, as Parliament had previously adjourned. But Parliament re-assembled on the 19th of April, and he was taken before that body; and, to the astonishment of all the friends of any thing like liberty of speech, Mr. Carey was, by a vote of forty-three to forty, committed to Newgate. On the 14th of May, "Parliament having adjourned, and their power of detention in prison ceased, I was (says Mr. Carey) triumphantly liberated by the Lord Mayor." "But," he adds, "although thus freed from the clutches of the Parliament, the criminal prosecution for libel on John Foster, the Premier, like the sword of Damocles, was suspended over my head."

The Attorney General having besides filed a bill against him, *ex-officio*, to prevent the action of the Grand Jury, it was deemed best that he should quit his native country, inasmuch as justice was obviously to be denied by those in authority, in "his own, his native land." Accordingly, in the disguise of a female dress, to escape the myrmidons of government, he took passage on board the *America*, on the 7th of

September, 1784, and landed in Philadelphia on the 15th of November following.

In the difficulties and embarrassments that had attended his prosecution and imprisonment, his means had much run down, and when he landed on the wharf at Philadelphia, he was an entire stranger, with scarce a dozen guineas in his pocket! The newspaper had been sold to his brother for £500, to be remitted as soon as he could conveniently do so; but his hopes from that source were almost blasted, for he never received but £50, the Freeman's Journal having ultimately perished, "partly by the persecution of his brother, but chiefly by government's setting up a paper with the same name, in order to take its custom and destroy it."

But a very pleasant and unlooked for event gave new courage to his hopes, if it did not indeed add a bright coloring to all his after career. We have said before that the Marquis de la Fayette had made a call upon young Carey while he was at the printing office of Passy, in France. He was then at Mount Vernon, whither a fellow passenger of Mr. Carey's, named Wallace, had repaired, to deliver letters which he brought to the Marquis. The Marquis made many inquiries of Wallace in relation to the affairs of Ireland, and observed, that he had seen an "account of the Parliament's proceedings against the persecuted printer, Mathew Carey." Wallace informed the Marquis that he came passenger with Mr. Carey, and that he was then in Philadelphia. Subsequently, on arriving in Philadelphia, he wrote Mr. Carey a note, desiring a call at his lodgings. "He received me," said Mr. Carey, with great kindness, consoled with me on the persecution I had undergone, inquired into my prospects, and having told him I intended to set up a newspaper, he approved the idea, and promised to recommend me to his friends, Robert Morris and others. Next morning, a letter was handed to me from him, containing four one hundred dollar notes on the Bank of North America, but it contained not a word in reference to the enclosure." This was a noble act, worthy of the man who had expended a large portion of a princely fortune, and freely offered his life, in the cause of American Liberty. He "meets a poor, persecuted young man, destitute of friends; his heart expands, and he freely gives him means of making a living without the remotest expectation of return, or of ever again seeing the object of his bounty."

It is due to Mr. Carey to state, that he subsequently sent the Marquis a valuable present; and when he arrived in our country in 1824, in broken fortunes, he sent him, also, a check at New-York, for the full sum of four hundred dollars, which Lafayette very reluctantly received.

If Bulwer had embodied the early career of Mr. Carey, he might well have said of him, that,

"In the lexicon of youth, which Fate reserves
For a bright manhood, their is no such word
As fail."

Actuated by this dauntless spirit, he immediately commenced a newspaper in Philadelphia, called the Pennsylvania Herald. He purchased his types out of his little fortune, and as a bookseller named Bell had recently deceased, among whose effects was an old and much worn press, Mr.

Carey proposed its purchase; but Colonel Oswald, who published the Independent Gazetteer, regarding the commencement of another paper with rival feelings, bid against Mr. Carey, until he raised the price of the old press to £50, nearly as much as a new one of the same kind was worth, "being," adds Mr. Carey, "one third of my whole fortune."

The first number of his newspaper was issued on the 25th of January, 1785, and the history of its progress shows that none but an undaunted mind, and an indomitable spirit would ever have been successful in its establishment. The editor was a perfect stranger, totally unacquainted with the feelings, prejudices, and wishes of those he had come amongst. The first decided impression which the newspaper made, was the commencement, in its columns, of the English newspaper practice of reporting, *in extenso*, the speeches of the House of Assembly. This was then novel in this country, and soon made the Herald much sought—especially as the editor showed a wonderful faculty in making his reports accurate.—He was much aided in this by a most tenacious memory, which was at the bottom, in all his after life, of his storing away for ready use, probably, a greater body of valuable statistical and other knowledge than most any man of the age in which he lived.

Parties, at this period, ran high in Pennsylvania, as they did elsewhere. The general classification was Constitutionalists and Republicans. The former were supporters of the constitution then existing, which conferred the legislative powers on a single body, styled the House of Assembly; and the executive department on a president and executive council. The republicans were zealous for a change in the legislature, so as to have two branches, a Senate and a House of Representatives. There were various minor points of difference, unnecessary to be particularized.

Col. Oswald, of the Gazetteer, was the organ for the republicans, and wrote a very violent attack on a society of foreigners, styled "The newly adopted sons of the United States." Mr. Carey, A. J. Dallas, and many other powerful writers were members, and they annoyed the republican party very much with their pens. Colonel Oswald denounced the society as "foreign renegadoes." Mr. Carey wrote a reply, in which were these sentences:

"National reflections are as illiberal as they are unjust; but from Americans they are something worse. A great part of the armies that nobly gained America her independence were aliens, or foreigners, many of whose countrymen are now the subjects of obliquy or reproach. I mean French, German, Irish, etc."

A bitter newspaper controversy ensued, which finally terminated thus: Mr. Carey, in speaking of some of Colonel Oswald's paragraphs, holds this language:

"The literary assassin, who basely attempts to blast a character, is a villian, whether he strut in the glare of day a ferocious Colonel Oswald, with a drawcansir countenance, or skulks a Junius, concealed for a quarter of a century."

Colonel Oswald made this reply:

"Your being a cripple is your main protection against personal insults."

Mr. Carey's rejoinder was:

"Though I am a cripple, there is a certain mode in which I would be on equality. This hint is the less necessary to a man whose newspaper frequently holds out threats of coming to the point."

This correspondence Mr. Carey reprinted in a satirical poem, entitled, "the Plagi Scurriliad, addressed to Colonel Oswald." The latter returned it by a Captain Rice, who said, "Colonel Oswald considers this a challenge." Mr. Carey coolly replied, "It was so intended," and referred him to a Mr. Marmie, a French gentleman, of the house of Turnbull, Marmie & Co. The seconds fixed on Saturday, the 21st of January, 1786, for the day of meeting. They met, accordingly, in New Jersey, opposite the city. Colonel Oswald, having served in the army, was a practiced shot, while Mr. Carey had never drawn a trigger but once in his life. They were at ten paces distance, when the word was given, and the pistol of Colonel Oswald shot his antagonist through the thigh bone, which laid him up for nearly sixteen months. All the records of the times show that both parties behaved coolly and magnanimously on the ground; and the result was more fortunate than most duels are, for it appears to have made the parties feel towards each other, with the generous Frenchman, Colonel Dumas: "It is astonishing how much I like a man after I've fought with him."

It is but simple justice to Mr. Carey to add here, that he deprecated his having engaged in this duel during all his after life; and following up his early impressions, he continued to wield his pen against this relic of the ages of barbarism, which has, through a false notion of honor, swept away from America so many valuable lives. Mr. Carey appears to have acted throughout with a firm conviction that it was the determined purpose of Colonel Oswald and his friends to blast his character and destroy his hopes; and, urged forward by a natural warmth of temperament, he declares, "On one thing I was resolved—if I displayed the white feather, I would never see Philadelphia more."

The next work in which Mr. Carey was concerned, was the Columbian Magazine, wherein he was interested with four other partners. He finally, however, withdrew, and commenced the American Museum, a Magazine "intended to preserve the valuable fugitive essays that appeared in the newspapers," which he continued until December, 1787. But the times were not very propitious for magazines in those early days, and it should be mentioned as a matter of encouragement to others to persevere under great difficulties, that Mr. Carey declares himself often in such a state of "intense penury," that he was frequently compelled to "borrow money to go to market." As a specimen of his extreme poverty, he quotes the case of a German paper maker, living fifteen miles from the city, to whom Mr. Carey had given a note for thirty-seven dollars, which he had come to Philadelphia five times for, receiving the amount in as many instalments.

The marriage of Mr. Cary was the next event of importance. Miss B. Flahaven, the daughter

of a highly respectable citizen, who, like thousands of others, was ruined by the revolution, was the partner of his choice. She had no dowry but that of prudence, intelligence, and industry, and these are far richer than any other that can be bestowed. She had united herself to a man whose whole fortune consisted of a few hundred dollars' worth of furniture, and some back numbers of his magazine, comparatively valueless as soon as the work was abandoned. But what of that? Both husband and wife had minds filled with good common sense. They had no false pride to retard their efforts. There were persevering and economical, and together they resolved to make their way in the world. "We early," says the husband, "formed a determination to indulge in no unnecessary expense, and to mount the ladder so slowly as to run no risk of having to descend."

What a salutary example is here written in one sentence for the young of our day! How altered is the mode of beginning the marriage life now-a-days. Large rents, expensive establishments, unlimited debts, "routes and rounds of fashion," are at once launched into; and the young couple live on, so long as petty shifts, contrivances, and deceptions will sustain them, and then sink into homeless misery, from which, perchance, they never recover. "Daughters, tenderly reared, and who have brought handsome fortunes to their husbands, are often obliged to return home to their aged parents, who have to maintain them, their husbands, and their children—a deplorable fate for old age." Fathers have the unspeakable misery of beholding their sons, in whom the hopes of after years were centered, broken down, indolent, reckless, dissipated—hanging on society as pests and nuisances, instead of becoming ornaments and examples of it. Oh, "what masses of misery would it not prevent," if the young men of our day would adopt the shining and virtuous example of the heads of the family, the incidents of whose lives we may so profitably dwell upon!

They lived happily together for nearly thirty-nine years,—until the death of Mrs. Carey, which occurred many years since—rearing a family of six children, two having died in infancy, and one at the age of seventeen. The prudent habits, fixed principles, and strong common sense, which ever guided these parents, have been reflected in the estimable characters of their children. It will not be proper to speak here, as we might be tempted to do, of the living; but we may be allowed the remark, as proof of correct parental guidance, that the gentlemen and ladies of this family are worthily ranked among our most estimable citizens. The eldest son, Mr. Henry C. Carey, was for many years known as one of the extensive book house of Carey, Lea & Co. from which he retired, a few years since, with an ample fortune, as the result of strict application to business, and unfaltering mercantile honor. That gentleman, too, is a good writer, and his last work, which was upon political economy, has met high consideration from the ablest reviews of our own country, and those of England also.

After the relinquishment of the Museum magazine, Mr. Carey commenced printing and

book-seiling on a limited scale, but by the most unceasing industry, perseverance and integrity, he went on gradually extending his business, and making slow but sure steps to wealth. "Some idea," says Mr. Carey, "may be formed of my devotion to business, from the fact, that, for above twenty-five years, I was present, winter and summer, at the opening of my store, and, my parlor being close to the store, I always left my meals when business of any importance was being transacted." How different from the custom of two many of the present day! Up pretty much all night in the whirlpool of false society, the morn has wasted into noon ere they come out to their places of business, and in the afternoon, instead of "minding the shop," they find it "indispensable to health" to "whirl out of town in a cabriolet." If the example of such a man as Mathew Carey is worth any thing, let those who are determined to succeed in life reform altogether those habits, which are sure, sooner or later, to bring destruction upon them. Neglect of business, luxurious living, attempts at show, and false pride, are the alarming evils that lie in the path of many of the young beginners of our day, of all trades, professions, and avocations; and what lessons of caution and wisdom may we not learn from the characters, habits, and principles of the substantial men who have preceded us, and who, by slow but sure efforts, went steadily up to positions from which they had no fear of tumbling. Better to commence small, than to begin large and finally be broken down; and the entire history and experience of all the straight forward and sagacious merchants of the past, is a triumphant illustration, that industry, prudence, and honesty, are sure to ascend, in the long run, where all else may fail. Stephen Girard was once a poor sailor boy before the mast; William Gray, a humble mechanic; and Peter C. Brooks, a small salary secretary in an insurance office; and yet they went up by their own hands, became honorable merchants, and amassed princely fortunes. They were, like all men who have made to themselves fame or fortune, hard workers and close thinkers. They "minded their own business," and, what was of infinite consequence, had no time to meddle with that of other people.

Their examples may well be imitated, for rigid mercantile integrity, and unfaltering punctuality in the performance of every obligation, by all who wish to go up in the right way.

[Concluded in our next.]

MISCELLANY.

From the New-York Christian Messenger.

GREENWOOD CEMETERY.

Much has been said of late by the different editors in this city concerning the "Greenwood Cemetery;" and being of rather an inquisitive turn of mind, I felt disposed to test the accuracy of the various representations which have been made. Having received a very polite invitation from the Committee of the "American Institute Fair" to accompany them to this future repository of the dead, I gladly availed myself of the favorable opportunity, and was constrained to exclaim with the Queen of Sheba, "the half was not told me!"

It is located about two miles from this city, on Long Island, and is almost surrounded by the ocean. It comprises an area of two hundred acres of land, which cost the enterprising company one hundred and thirty thousand dollars. It is at present in a high state of forwardness, and it is expected that it will be ready for interments in the course of a few months. Its highest point, which is near the centre of the grounds, is called "Mount Washington;" it is one hundred and sixty feet high, and commands one of the finest prospects in the vicinity of New-York. From this elevation may be distinctly seen Brooklyn, the bay and harbor of New-York, Staten Island, and the Quarantine. It is indeed, a second "Mount Auburn," and is destined at no very distant period to become its rival.

Being a resident of New-York, it may perhaps be thought by some of my eastern friends, that I am influenced by sectional prejudices; but I can assure them that such is not the fact, for if I have any partialities, they are in favor of the east. I love Massachusetts. I love its people for their open-hearted frankness and generous hospitality. I love them for their general intelligence and high literary character; and above all, I love them for their religious freedom and Christian charity.

While standing on this consecrated ground, I was led into a train of reflections at once pleasing, yet melancholy. How solemn the thoughts that arise in the mind! What a profound calm pervades the whole scene! Here the silence and solitude of the sepulchre reign triumphant; broken only by the rustling of the scar leaf as it falls from the withered stem, fit emblem of the autumn of human existence, and of the faded hopes and blighted expectations of mortals!

Ah! how many thought I, in yon crowded city who are now promising themselves years of uninterrupted felicity, shall be arrested in the full tide of health and prosperity by the hand of the "fell destroyer," and compelled to take up their abode in these "silent halls of death."

Here shall the aged and care-worn pilgrim, who for more than threescore years and ten, has been compelled to "bide the peltings of the pitiless storm" of adversity, "shuffle off this mortal coil," and lay down his burthen "where the wicked cease from troubling, and where the weary are at rest."

Here shall the children of men resort to learn the vanity of human applause; the shortness of human life; the insignificance of earthly greatness, and the fickleness and instability of all beneath the sun.

Here the man of business, whose mind has been distracted by a multitude of perplexing cares, and whose health has been impaired by a series of adverse circumstances, may find in this secluded spot a solace for all his misfortunes.

Here too, perchance, the giddy votary of pleasure may direct his course, for the purpose of passing an idle hour; and while the monumental inscription of some newly opened grave shall arrest his attention, he may perhaps be led to pause in his career of folly, and seriously reflect on the more sober realities of life.

Here may be seen the lonely widow, bending in pensive sadness over the tomb of him, in whom while living, all her earthly happiness was centered.

ed, and who now refuses to be comforted, because she shall see his face no more in the flesh.

Here may be seen the orphan, deploring in all the eloquence of grief, the loss of a kind father and mother, feeling the utter helplessness and loneliness of its condition, and realizing the affecting truth, that henceforth it must travel the rugged and uneven journey of life, fatherless and alone.

Here may the fallen statesman come and learn the truth of the poet's description :

"The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour;
The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

Here, too, may be seen the minister of the everlasting gospel, reflecting in the

"Depth of nature's silence,"

on the transitory nature of all terrestrial objects, and gleaning from the mementoes of mortality by which he is surrounded, lessons of deep and of thrilling interest, which may exert a benign influence on the great mass of thinking matter which lives and moves around him.

Ah! many, very many, shall come, to weep and mourn the loss of near friends, who have been rudely snatched from their embrace and consigned to the silence and solitude of the sepulchre. But how sweet and peaceful will be their slumbers! How calmly will they rest in their silent mansions, till the night, the moonless night of death is passed, and the morning of the resurrection shall usher in a bright, a beautiful, a cloudless day!

"Thus at the shut of even, the weary bird
Leaves the wide air and in some lonely brake
Cowers down, and dozes till the dawn of day,
Then claps his well-fledged wings and soars away."

W. W.

From the Philadelphia U. S. Gazette.

A MONUMENT TO A MOTHER'S GRAVE.

FLOWER GATHERING.

"The flowers that spring upon the sunny side of hillocks, beneath remnants of snow banks, are very small and entirely scentless, and the little beauty which is imputed to them; is chiefly from contrast with the desolation and coldness in which they are found."

THE death of a friend who never spared a fault of my character, nor found a virtue which he did not praise, had cast a gloom over my mind which no previous deprivation had produced. I remember how skeptical and heart smitten—(not heart-broken—the broken heart always believes,) I stood at his grave, while the clergyman touched too little on his virtues, and spoke with a humble confidence, that he would spring from the tomb to an immortality of happiness; and suggested the promises of the Scripture, and argued with logical precision, from texts and analogies, that my friend should rise from the dead. Despondency is not more the child than the parent of unbelief—deep grief makes us selfish—and the naturally timid and nervous, lose that confidence in promises, including their own particular wish, which they yield to them, when the benefit of others are alone proposed. A little learning is dangerous in such matters; we suffered a mental argument upon the probability of an event which we so much desired, to displace the simple faith which would have produced comparative happi-

ness. Those who have contended with and at length yielded to this despondency alone know its painful operation.

Occupied with thoughts resulting from such an unpleasant train of mind, I followed into a burying ground, in the suburbs of the city, a small train of persons, not more than a dozen, who had come to bury one of their acquaintance. The clergyman in attendance, was leading a little boy by the hand, who seemed to be the only relative of the deceased in the groupe. I gathered with them round the grave, and when the plain coffin was lowered down the child burst forth in uncontrollable grief. The little fellow had no one left to whom he could look for affection, or who could address him in tones of parental kindness. The last of his kinsfolks was in the grave—and he was alone.

When the clamorous grief of the child had a little subsided, the clergyman addressed us with customary exhortation to accept the monition, and be prepared; turning to the child, he added; "She is not to remain in this grave forever; as true as the grass which is now chilled with the frost of the season, shall spring to greenness and life in a few months, so true shall your mother come up from that grave to another life, to a life of happiness, I hope."

The attendants shovelled in the earth upon the coffin, and some one took little William, the child by the hand, and led him forth from the lowly tenement of his mother.

Late in the ensuing spring, I was in the neighborhood of the same burying ground, and seeing the gate open, I walked among the graves for some time, reading the names of the dead, and wondering what strange disease could snatch off so many younger than myself—when recollecting that I was near the grave of the poor widow, buried the previous autumn, I turned to see what had been done to preserve the memory of one so utterly destitute of earthly friends. To my surprise I found the most desirable of all mementoes for a mother's sepulchre—little William was settling near the head of the now sunken grave, looking intently upon some green shoots that had come forth with the warmth of spring, from the soil that covered his mother's coffin.

William started at my approach, and would have left the place; it was long before I could induce him to tarry; and indeed I did not win his confidence, until I told him that I was present when they buried his mother, and had marked his tears at the time.

"Then you heard the minister say that my mother would come up out of the grave," said little William.

"I did."

"It is true, is it not?" asked he in a tone of confidence.

"I most firmly believe it," said I.

"Believe it," said the child—"believe it—I thought you knew it—I know it."

"How do you know it, my dear?"

"The minister said, that as true as the grass would grow up, and the flowers bloom in spring, so true would my mother rise. I came a few days afterward, and planted flower seed on the grave. The grass came green in this burying ground long ago; and I watched every day for

the flowers, and to-day they have come up too—see them breaking through the ground—by and by mamma will come again."

A smile of exulting hope played on the features of the boy; and I felt pained at disturbing the faith and confidence with which he was animated.

"But my child," said I, "it is not here that your mother will rise."

"Yes, here," said he with emphasis—"here they placed her, and here I have come ever since the first blade of grass was green this year."

I looked around, and saw that the tiny feet of the child had trod out the herbage at the grave side, so constant had been his attendance. What a faithful watch-keeper—what mother would desire a richer monument than the form of her only son bending tearful, but hoping, over her grave?

"But, William," said I, "it is in another world that she will arise,"—and I attempted to explain to him the nature of that promise which he had mistaken. The child was confused, and he appeared neither pleased nor satisfied.

"If mamma is not coming back to me—if she is not to come up here, what shall I do—I cannot stay without her."

"You shall go to her," said I, adopting the language of the Scripture—"you shall go to her, but she shall not come again to you."

"Let me go then," said William, "let me go now, that I may rise with mamma."

"William," said I, pointing down to the plants just breaking through the ground, "the seed which is sown there, would not have come up, if it had not been ripe; so you must wait till your appointed time, until your end cometh."

"Then I shall see her?"

"I surely hope so."

"I will wait then," said the child, "but I thought I should meet her here."

And he did. In a month, William ceased to wait; and they opened his mother's grave, and placed his little coffin on hers—it was the only wish the child expressed in dying. Better teachers than I, had instructed him in the way to meet his mother, and young as the little sufferer was, he had learned that all labors and hopes of happiness, short of Heaven, are profitless and vain.

THE LATE JUSTICE VAUGHAN.

He was truly a remarkable man. His great characteristic was that sort of wit which is acquired by great practical and intuitive knowledge of the world—great knowledge of the working of the vulgar mind. He was not considered a good lawyer in the scientific sense of the word; but there were some points of practice, at which he was almost inimitable; and this excellence arose from the faculty (for it did not amount to talent) of comprehending what the vulgar cunning of the world is capable of. Hence arose his unrivaled tact at cross-examination. It was really intellectual curiosity to set next to him for a few hours, and seeing the scanty materials in his brief, to observe the industry and shewdness with which he would compel the truth from a witness on the opposite side; every turn and twist of vulgar cunning seemed familiar to him.

He saw into the mind of the trimming prejuror from the first, and worked the truth out of him at last so cleverly, that no cunning lawyer was willing to bring a doubtful witness before him. We should mention that nearly all his practice was *Nisi Prius*, and related to questions of property and purchases of property, upon which the evidence is generally very discordant. In horse cases he never had his equal; for he knew the frame of a horse, and the whole veterinary Pharmacopœia, as well as Coleman himself—and he knew more: every horse-dealer dreaded him. There was no telling him a lie about stifles, ring-bones, splints, frogs, and the like. He knew more about those, and all other diseases of the horse, than the best groom in England; and he had a singular taste in managing a horse cause—one which will hardly appear credible, except to those who knew him on the Midland circuit. He not only examined the questionable horse himself, but he almost invariably had the horse, not exactly produced in court, but at the court door! "Gentlemen," he would say to the jury, before he began to examine his own witnesses, "the horse is at the door: be so kind as to judge for yourselves." There was an apparent candor about this, backed as it was by his great knowledge of the horse, which rarely failed with a country jury. The fact is, he always gave the jury a beautiful lecture on the horse, and they thought that it was impossible for such a man to be mistaken. There was not much public harm done by this prejudice in his favor, for in the numerous horse causes which have come under our notice we have invariably found faults on both sides. He would have made an excellent parliamentary debater had he taken to that line. He had much ready wit, and of a strong masculine kind. Yet he would not have made a statesman any more than he made a lawyer. It caused surprise, except to those who knew what great interest he acquired by marrying Lady St. John, that he was raised to the bench at all—a degree of surprise only exceeded, as regards him, by the wittiest man at the bar turning out the severest judge. From the sudden alteration observable in his demeanor, on being made a judge, we could not help fancying that he felt a weak necessity to acquire dignity, so that the witty barrister might be forgotten in the grave judge.—*Advertiser*.

THE WORLD.

This world is an agreeable world after all. If we would only bring ourselves to look at objects that surround us in their true light, we should see beauty where before we beheld deformity, and listen to harmony, where before we could hear nothing but discord. To be sure there is a great deal of anxiety and vexation to meet; we cannot expect to sail on a summer sea forever, yet if we preserve a calm eye and steady hand, we can so trim our sails and manage our helm as to avoid the quicksands, and weather the storms that threaten shipwreck. We are members of one great family. We are all traveling the same road, and shall arrive at the same goal. We breathe the same pure air, we are subject to the same bounty, and we shall all lie down on the bosom of our common mother. It is not becoming then that brother should hate brother; it is

not proper that friend should deceive friend; it is not right that neighbor should deceive neighbor. We pity that man who harbors enmity against his fellows; he loses half the enjoyment of life; and embitters his own existence.—Let us tear from our eyes the colored medium that invests every object with the green hue of jealousy and suspicion; turn a deaf ear to the voice of scandal; breathe the spirit of charity from our lips; and from our hearts, let the gushings of human kindness well up as from a fountain—so the "golden age" will become no fiction, and the "island of the blessed" bloom in more than Hesperian beauty.

MECHANICAL INGENUITY.

M. Droz, being at Madrid, he exhibited to the King of Spain, a clock, upon which were figures of a shepherd, a dog, and a negro. The shepherd played six airs upon his flute, the dog in the mean time approaching and caressing him.—The King expressed his admiration of this, when M. Droz replied that the gentleness of the dog was but the least of his good qualities. If, he added, your majesty will deign to touch one of the apples in the basket beside the shepherd, his dog will evince his fidelity also. The King did so, when the dog flew at his hand, and barked so loudly, that a living dog, which was in the room, gave tongue; and the courtiers, with the exception of the minister of marine, hastily left the room, not doubting that M. Droz was a sorcerer.—The king, who of course was in the secret, desired the minister of marine to ask the negro what o'clock it was.—He did so, and obtained no answer.—M. Droz informed him that as the negro was ignorant of Spanish, the question should be asked in French. The minister asked it accordingly, and the negro answered, so much to the consternation of the minister, that he took flight, vowing it was the work of no one but the devil!

PORTRAIT.

"COULD you not give a little expression to that countenance?" said a gentleman to an eminent English painter, who showed him a portrait that he had finished; "I have made that attempt already," replied the painter; "but, what the picture gained in expression, it lost in likeness; and by the time there was a little common sense in the countenance, nobody knew for whom it was intended. I was obliged, therefore, to make an entire new picture with the face perfectly like, and perfectly meaningless, as you see it."

PENN AND STORY

WILLIAM PENN and Thomas Story, traveling together in Virginia, were caught by a shower of rain, and unceremoniously sheltered themselves from it in a tobacco-house; the owner of which happening to be within it, accosted them with, "You have a great deal of impudence to trespass on my premises—you enter without leave—do you know who I am?" To which was answered, "No." "Why, then, I would have you to know I am justice of the peace." To which Thomas Story replied, "My friend here makes such things as these—he is the governor of Pennsylvania." The great man quickly abated his haughtiness.

WOLSEY AND HIS "FOOL."—Among the cardinals who are recorded as having kept fools, Wolsey must not be forgotten; and he would seem to have good cause to repent of having disobeyed in this respect the ordinances of the church. Wolsey, who, as is well known, was the son of a butcher, received no heartier congratulations on obtaining his cardinal's hat than those which his jester offered him. "Thank heaven! you are a cardinal," said the jester, "now I have nothing more to desire than to see you pope." The cardinal inquired of him his reasons for this wish. "Why," said he, "St. Peter was a fisherman, and he therefore ordained fasts, that fish might fetch a better price; now your eminence being a butcher bred, would, of course, abolish fasts, and command us to eat meat, that your trade might flourish."

HOLDING HER TONGUE.—The late Dr. Abernethy would never permit his patient to talk much. He could not succeed in silencing a loquacious lady, but by the following expedient. "Put out your tongue, madam?" The lady complied; "now keep it there, till I have done talking."

MARY, said a very respectable lady in London to her servant, "How is this that you have given me warning? I know not of any words as has taken place between us, Mary." "Nor do I madam," returned Mary; "but I have come to a resolution not to live with any lady whatever who can't speak grammar."

Letters Containing Remittances,

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of Postage paid.

T. S. Hinsdale, N. H. \$1.00; E. P. Palmyra, N. Y. \$1.00; A. R. Middleport, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Pompey, N. Y. \$3.00; G. A. T. & H. M. Burlington, N. Y. \$2.00; S. T. Hinesburg, Vt. \$1.00; F. S. Onondaga, N. Y. \$1.00; T. J. C. Jericho, N. Y. \$1.00; H. B. S. Whitesville, N. Y. \$1.00; J. R. Macedon, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Braham's Corners, N. Y. \$1.00; J. M. Perrysville, N. Y. \$1.00; T. H. Pittsfield, Ms. \$1.00; H. B. Lanesboro', Ms. \$1.00.

Married,

In this city, on Sunday evening, the 24th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Landon, Mr. Alexander Walden to Miss Louisa H. Brush, both of this city.

On the 26th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Waterbury, Mr. Joshua Waterman to Miss Jeanette Ten Eyck, all of this city.

On the 2d inst. by R. Carrique, Esq. Henry Van Every, of New York, to Miss Maria B. Coleman, of this city.

On the 24th ult. at Trinity Church, Athens, by the Rev. John Dowdney, Mr. Edward Green to Miss Louisa, daughter of James G. Foster, Esq.

At the same time and place, by the same, Mr. Frederick W. Tolley, to Miss Josephine, daughter of James G. Foster, Esq.

In Ghent, on the 30th ult. by T. F. Mesick, Esq. Mr. John Harder to Miss Margaret Ten Broeck, both of Claverack.

In Mellenville, on the 16th ult. by the Rev. J. Berger, Mr. Andrew Dedrick to Miss Catharine Louisa Smith, both of Kinderhook.

At Ancram, on the 9th ult. Mr. Orson Carskadden to Miss Lavina Bashford, both of Ancram.

At Gallatin, on the 14th ult. Mr. John Knickerbacker to Miss Julia Griswold, both of Gallatin.

At Gallatin, on the 16th ult. Mr. Jeremiah Knickerbacker to Miss Betsey Johnson, both of Gallatin.

In New-York, on the 19th ult. Hon. Luther Bradish, Lieut. Governor of the State of New-York, to Miss Mary E. Hart, of that city.

Died,

In this city, on the 25th ult. Israel, son of Israel and Catharine Wellendorf, aged 1 year, 10 months and 18 days.

On the 29th ult. Mr. Thomas Cookson, accidentally killed on the Hudson and Berkshire Rail Road, in his 34th year.

At Claverack, on the 26th ult. John I. Miller, Esq. in his 72d year.

In Ghent, on the 15th ult. of Consumption, Mrs. Charlotte A. Skinner, widow of the late David Skinner, in the 59th year of her age.



ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Rural Repository.
THE PORTRAIT.

BY T. HASTINGS CUSHMAN.

SUPPORTED by the easel there
The pictured life of beauty bright,
The brow—its gentle glow of care—
The form, the grace and dark brown hair,
Soft mingle as the stars of night,
And one deep glance so fills the sight,
I turn with thought enchained to know,
If not of such is bliss below.
Still not the form dwelt on by me,
Nor e'en the eye so softly set,
But something like to minstrelsy,
Which few can paint and none forget—
That glowing radiance of the soul,
Whose smile can win, whose look control.
Why lingers there, with gaze intent,
One sad and pale and motionless,
As with his very life were blent,
That look, that form, and every tress,
And seems to envy light and air
The privilege of passing there,
As though the canvass could reveal
The lips to move and heart to feel?
'Twas said that love with him had ceased.
Tho' that lightness in his pathway reigns—
Not those oft smile who feel the least,
But those that know the keenest pains.
Anon—as memory's viewless frame
Sweeps o'er his cheek like tints of flame,
And heaves his breast as swells the sea,
Long prisoned thoughts, that may not rest
Within the care-worn sufferer's breast,
In low-breathed words find liberty:
"Sweet art divine! thy tints give back
That look as some forgotten treasure,
And carry through my pulses track,
A gush of warm and living pleasure.
"And like a sleep-created thought,
Those thrills bring back a past devotion,
When Hope's young brow with love inwrought,
Blushed many a high and warm emotion.
"But ah—I wake to feel no more
Hope resting on her downy pillow,
And, listening for the song of yore,
I'm borne where mourns the waving willow!
"And here's a tear, and here a sigh,
That death should press that cheek of roses,
And never sorrow's plant can dry—
Its root deep in the heart reposes!
"But still I am not lonely all,
For Memory tells a moving story,
And thou canst many a grace recall,
And lip and eye and smile restore me.
"Ay! now those features mild express
A feeling warm and deep and tender,
To half remove my dark distress
And half revive Hope's wonted splendor.
"I may not can look death upon,
As aught the ties of love can sever;
But as a cloud before the sun,
That soon shall fade, ay, fade forever.

"And, emblem of my guiding star,
When earth before my view is waning,
I'd bear thy sad, sweet smile afar—
So much of joy, so much complaining;
"A joy that hearts can meet again,
A grief that spreads its pinion near me;
A soothing flow of bliss and pain
To thrill this bosom, cold and dreary."

Here tell me not affection's ray,
Like twilight hues can pass away,
Or, like the rich and perfumed flower,
Can waste its bloom in summer bower,
Oh! severed hearts ne'er feel the less,
Those deepening thrills of tenderness—
E'en with the ashes of the shrine,
The feelings always love to twine,
And if, when passions once expire,
Upon their altars burn a fire,
The kindling flames not dead, though low,
It lives, though faint may be its glow.
Yes! though the brow may half declare
That nought but mirth is seated there,
Though thought on thought may scarcely tell
That one may feel—ah! feel too well—
They but as ocean waves arise,
Stir not the depths that 'neath them lies,
And passing for a moment o'er,
Leave all as placid as before.

For the Rural Repository.

REFLECTIONS

Of a Fashionable Belle.

HEIGH ho! a glorious life is mine,
And why have I cause to sigh?
I have nothing to do but to dress and shine,
While around me my rivals with envy pine,
And humbly imploring my smile benign,
My adorers in thousands sigh.
Last night I went to a splendid play,
And to-night I again shall shine,
At Madame de Brilliant's grand Soiree;—
Balls, routs and assemblies fill night and day,
With all that is elegant and gay:—
Oh, a glorious life is mine.
See, yonder is lying my last new dress;
'Tis a most enchanting thing:—
At least that is what Lady Lustre says,
And she is not remarkably given to praise;
So I'll float in its graces thro' fashion's maze,
Like a bird upon the wing.
They say there are maidens as richly clad,
But none are so fair as I,
With a brow so pure and a step so glad:—
And yet I acknowledge my heart is sad,
It has not the light beating that once it had,
And I cannot imagine why.
But what have I here? 'Tis a perfumed note;
Lady Flimsy, I know by the seal,
Her tiresome regards are forever afloat,
And this—I won't read it;—I know it by rote;
"My sweet girl!"—"charming evening!"—"a new
pleasure boat!"—
How wretchedly wearied I feel.
But here's something better: a casket; from whom?
From my East-India uncle? Oh yes.
'Tis a fine set of pearls, which he sends to illumine
My dark raven tresses' magnificent gloom.
I have others;—however, for these I'll make room.
Heigho! 'tis a fine life this.
Here comes Dorothea, and what bringeth she
So carelessly done in brown paper?
The gardener brought it, and left it for me?
I wonder exceedingly what it can be,

So here goes the pack-thread, and now we will see
What comes in so coarse a wrapper.

My heart! 'tis a garland all fresh from the meads
Where in childhood I used to stray.
The dew is yet on; what a fragrance it sheds!
It breathes of the pathways that innocence treads,
Bowers of wild rose and ivy, and cowslip beds,
And sweet haunts with celandine gay.

Here is clover and cing-foil and every field flower
That Mary and I loved ever,
When we thoughtlessly frolicked thro' childhood's
hour,
Unmindful of Fashion's tyrannical power,
But Freedom and Friendship our only dower;—
Those days will return—oh never.

I remember our homes at the foot of the hill,
Our gardens I seem to see,
And the pathway that wound thro' the valley still,
And the poor cottage-woman so pale and ill;—
I remember sweet Ellen, and Harry and Will:—
Does William remember me?

Here's a white Scotch rose; 'twas his favorite flower,
It was gathered perchance by him.
Ah, he seeks no longer my sylvan bower
Or my dear old garden in spring's glad hour,
He's forgotten these eyes with their boasted power,
Yet now they with tears are dim.

Pshaw! why should I weep when I think of the
days

That gleam fondly on Memory's view?
Here's Sir Superfice Surface's new pony-chaise,
And bright with rich trappings his two dear bays;
Now away, as I've promised to meet Lady Blaze—
My childhood's vision, adieu! CAROLINE.
Boston, Oct. 27, 1839.

A WINTER'S NIGHT.

BY THOMAS HAYNES DAYLEY.

In fragrant Spring the flowers of May
Throw all their sheltering folds away;
Reviving nature waves her wand,
On every tree the leaves expand:
But *mine* be the hearth that blazes bright,
And a circle of friends on a Winter's night.

In Summer time each little stem
Is decked with its leafy diadem;
Each rose holds fast with a fond embrace,
A captive bee in its sweet caress;
But *mine* be the hearth that blazes bright,
And a circle of friends on a Winter's night.

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